

THE-MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

Makes a Round of Clubs, Drops in Lyceums and Roasts Indiscreet Writers and Absorbs Wisdom by contact with the wise.

"There's a chiel among ye takin' notes." "The Ethics of Treating" is a valuable book soon to be issued, the authorship of which lies between Messrs. A. Lincoln Brown, R. T. Douglas and Col. G. Washington Wood, the genial managers of the Metropole Club. It is just the thing about now, for any frequenter of clubs or restaurants ought to be up on the etiquette of social fellowship. Shall a man be called a "crab" if he goes into a place, buys a single glass and walks out, or to be *en regle* (watch my French) must he ask the friend nearby to "have something," when



Mr. Charles W. Anderson
(See First Page.)

perhaps neither want any more than "one round?" Many a man's inclination to be "game" has robbed his table of necessities, brought about "misunderstandings" with his landlady about room rent and often causes the breaking of important engagements. What is the right course to be pursued is the question often asked.

Mr. Brown disclaimed the authorship of the aforesaid book, but he got off a good, heart-to-heart talk on the subject in this wise:

As to treating, a man should use a little ordinary judgment and first consult his own interests. He is supposed to best understand his condition, and whether he can stand the pressure either physically, mentally or financially. The treating habit ought to be regulated so as to avoid embarrassment and keep men from social gatherings because they cannot "hand out" for all who happen to be within range. If a gentleman wants a little refreshment he has the right to take one by himself, with a single friend, or he can blow himself to the whole house limit. Nobody should take offense or make invidious comment if a visitor prefers to manage his business to suit himself.

I have been asking myself, though, continued Mr. Brown (and here Colonel Wood put on his wisest look), if there cannot be a reform in the entire treating system. The liquid part adjusts itself in the way already mentioned, but while coming to the club, instead of stopping in unknown restaurants why not treat your friend to something substantial? Why not suggest that he "take a collar with you," and would it be inappropriate for him to "get back" by inviting you to "have a pocket handkerchief on him." This idea could be carried on to include a pair of hose, a necktie, a lead pencil or a box of matches. Who has the nerve to take the lead in such an inno-

vation or revolution? and Brown gave Wash Wood a poke in the ribs—which woke him up and aroused every member from the quiet dose they had fallen into over their magazine and evening papers. It was "up to Link" and his "little book."

Dr. E. D. Williston has become addicted to the epigram habit. Speaking of how long an experience is necessary to enable one to know how to live, he gets off this chunk of wisdom:

"Forty is the beginning of man's golden era. At that age he is either a fool or a doctor of philosophy."

A growing force in the official and social life of Washington is Mr. John C. Keelan, who with his charming little family, resides in a pretty flat in fashionable Le Droit Park. The Man-on-the-Corner first knew Mr. Keelan about 1886 (!!!) when both of us were poor, struggling youngsters, just beginning the successful careers that have since been vouchsafed to us by a merciful Providence. He was foreman of the mechanical department of the *American Catholic Tribune*, then published in Cincinnati by one Daniel A. Rudd, the mention of whose name, by the way, will serve as a reminder to the "crape-wearers" that they once took a deep interest in the resourceful Rudd. Keelan was a first-class printer and had an ambition beyond the little 2x4 office on the fourth floor of an elevatorless building, and it is alleged that he felt obscured by such strong counter attractions as the brewerv syndicate and Bob Harlan's diamond. So he made up his mind to em-



Rev B. J. Bolding

ploy Uncle Sam as his boss, and came on to Washington with a Government Printing Office appointment securely pinned to the lining of his inside pocket. He made an enviable reputation as a compositor and good fellow. He is there now, as genial and jovial as of yore, hustling up "ems" and carrying a handsome line of articles "on the side," which you may inspect if you can catch him at leisure. He is the "walking delegate" of the colored typos, and if any printer of our race is heading this way to take a case in the G. P. O., he would do well to drop a line at once to John C. Keelan.

A highly useful servant of the Master who has come to us in an hour of need is the Rev. B. J. Bolding, pastor of the John Wesley A. M. E. Zion church, located on Connecticut avenue, in the very heart of the city's most aristocratic quarter. Dr. Bolding stands high in his denomination and is editor and manager of the *Varick Christian Endeavorer*, a bright, well-printed sheet, published as its name indicates, for the advancement of the Christian endeavor movement of the church. The paper is widely quoted, and upon its subscription list is found the names of many distinguished white men, who when paying their bill, write personal letters to Dr. Bolding, testifying their enjoyment of the scintillating

thoughts he has given them. This editorship is a general office, and the confidence reposed in the young literateur by all the Bishops and the church body, show that his reputation is far from "local." He has several diplomas and three or four degrees from such colleges as Lincoln University and Livingstone, and such honorary designations as A. M., LL. D., etc., conferred upon him by these institutions wholly unsolicited, are worn without the pomposity and haughty egotism that have made so many smart preachers their own worst enemy. He is a linguist and can translate at sight Greek, Latin, Hebrew and knows sacred and profane history by heart. It is hoped that Dr. Bolding will abide with us a long time. Our pulpits cannot get too many divines who practice common sense methods and who respect the cloth they have vowed to uphold.

It is no small honor to be at the head of an organization known the country over as a director of public sentiment and to the sessions of which the masses look forward with an eagerness that increases with the years. Such an organization is the Second Baptist Lyceum of this city, and the president is Mr. Samuel E. Lacy, a young man of energy, force of character and "stickability." He is a graduate of the High School, a notary public and has spent much of his time as an industrious attache of the city post office, the office of Recorder of Deeds under Taylor and Cheatham, and in the District building. He is the son of Detective Sergeant Henry Lacy, conceded to have no peer as a sleuth in the land. President Lacy has for several years been one of the most active and devoted workers in the Afro-American Council, serving as financial secretary of that body, and represented the Second Baptist Lyceum at the National Council held in Philadelphia last year.

In addition to Mr. Lacy's above record he is a vital force in the directorship of the Pen and Pencil Club and the Banneker Relief Association.

Mr. Lacy never travels with a brass band to attract attention, nor does he exploit his own labors and achievements, being content to accept the rewards that come after patient and diligent effort has revealed his worth to the people. Mr. Lacy's administration at the Lyceum is being warmly commended, and in giving him the support evidenced by packed houses each Sunday and liberal collections the Negro shows a correct conception of the value of co-operation and unity.

A great trouble with the Negro is his tendency to "overdo" things. Now, isn't it a fact that we are inclined to eat too much, sleep too much, talk too much



President Samuel E. Lacy

and too loud, sing too much and inopportunately, and meddle too much in matters that do not concern us?

Our Mr. R. W. Thompson, who writes "pieces" for THE COLORED AMERICAN, lays no pretensions to being an orator, race leader or adviser of the masses, but the past week seems to have been his "busy season" on the platform. At the last meeting of the Pen and Pencil Club, Thursday evening of last week, he discussed "Negro Newspapers," pointing out the vital importance of these moulders of public sentiment and described some of the drawbacks that militated against the presentation of an ideal journal. He referred to the vast potentiality for racial good that resided

Continued on 5th Page.

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